



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

What this alludes to it is now hard to determine.

That the lands of Ireland were highly cultivated in former times is proved from the marks of the plough being still visible on the tops of mountains, now deemed unworthy of the husbandman's labours, and from similar marks being daily discovered in the bottom of our bogs. It appears from an ancient law tract to be found among the MSS. in the library of Trinity College, that the irrigation of their lands was practised by the Irish, at a very early period, from which it will be allowed that they had a superior skill in agriculture.

We shall, for the present, close this article by giving the following curious extract translated from the last great work of the celebrated Baron de Humboldt—*Tableau de la Nature*:

"It is certainly a surprising phenomenon that on one side of our planet, a people exist, to whom milk and flower extracted from grain-bearing plants, are totally unknown, whilst that the opposite hemisphere abounds with nations who cultivate the cereal plants, and propagate animals that give milk. Thus the culture of different grain characterizes the two parts of our globe. In the new continent, we see from 45 degrees north latitude to 72 degrees south, they cultivate but one species of grain, namely, *maize*. In the old continent, on the contrary we find every where, and in the most remote period which history records, the culture of wheat, barley, corn and oats, in a word, of all the cereal plants. Diodorus Siculus, mentions *wheat* growing wild in the fields of *Leontium* and in several other places of Sicily. M. Spungel has collected several interesting passages which render the opinion likely that most of the species of European corn have been originally brought from Persia and India, where they grew naturally. I have some doubts of the existence of *wild corn* in Asia, and I believe it did not become so till it had been cultivated there. A negro slave of Ferdinand Cortez was the first who cultivated wheat in new Spain; he found three grains among some rice which he had brought from Spain for provisions for the army. In the Franciscan Convent at Quito they carefully preserve as a relic, the vase of clay which enclosed the first wheat which brother Jodoas Rixi of Gonte, a Franciscan monk, had sown in the city. They at first cultivated it before the convent upon the place called the *Plazuela* of S. Francis. The monks whom I visited often during my stay at Quito, begged of me to explain the inscription traced upon the vase, which they supposed had some relation to the wheat, but I found this sentence written in the old German dialect:

"Lethim who empties mein drinking, not forget the Lord."

This antique German vase had a very respectable appearance." In a future article we shall give a curious list of Irish Mills from the sixth century to the English invasion.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

LEGEND OF FIN M'COUL.

In days of yore, Cormac, son of Art, ruled Ireland, and a hospitable prince was he. His house was always open, many were the retainers kept in his hall; and thereby, like more modern princes, his expenses outran both his ready money and his tardy credit; and he was at his wit's end how to supply with meat and strong drink, those who honored his quality by feeding at his expense.

After all the most obvious recipe that can occur to any prince, when desirous of aggrandizing himself, is to go to war with one of his neighbours. The grand *monarque* of Versailles, and the celestial sovereign of Ashantee, have had recourse to the same expedient, and why not Cormac son of Art? Now, Fiachadh Muillathian, King of Munster, had some fat pasture lands along the banks of the Suir, which preserve their credit for fertility unto this very day, and go under the name of the Golden Vein; on these plentiful plains Cormac cast his longing eye, assuring himself, that were he once possessed of such mensal lands, he should never want a sirloin or baron of beef to grace his board. Go to war, therefore, he should; but withal, Fiachadh of Munster was potent and wise, and he valued those very fields as the apple of his eye; and his merry men of Ormond and Desmond, were as fond of fighting as their descendants are, at this very day.

In this difficulty Cormac resorted for advice to a Druid,

who was a Caledonian; for even in these early days the Scotch *itched* after foreign travel, and were every where at hand to give advice to those who could pay for it; and he being an enchanter and depository of old prophecies, told the King that in one of those rivers that run under ground in the western land, now called Mayo, and not far from that lofty mountain, now named Croagh Patrick, there was a salmon, which if caught and eaten, would communicate such wisdom, prowess, and good fortune to the eater, that from that day forth, fame and prosperity would attend him in all his wars. You may be sure Cormac lost no time in setting out on his fishing excursion into Connaught, and attending to the directions of his adviser, he came to the banks of a river that rises in the mountain chain surrounding the reek of Croagh Patrick; and pursuing that river's course through a fertile valley, he at length came to where the turbulent stream falls into a fearful cavern, and is lost, to be seen no more; and whether it seeks by some unknown passage the depths of the ocean, or whether it plunges into the earth's abyss and goes to cool the raging of its central fires, was never yet ascertained; but close to the jaws of this engulphing cavern, there is a dark, deep pool, where the stream, as if in terror, whirls about in rapid eddies, and here amidst multitudes of fish it was supposed the salmon of *knowledge* spent its days. On the banks of this pool, Cormac and his Caledonian adviser sat day after day; and complain they could not of want of sport, for many a fine fish they caught and broiled on the live coals which they kept for their accommodation on the bank; but still Cormac became not a whit the wiser; and after feeding on salmon, firm and curdy enough to satisfy the "gout" of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, he at length grew so tired of fish, it palled so much upon his appetite that the Milesian monarch began to sigh after the fat mutton that the broad pastures of Tara supplied.

At length the fish were caught with such rapidity, that if he got thereby the wisdom of Solomon, he could not be brought to taste of every one taken in this populous pool. And now he and his adviser presumed to make selections; and applying the arbitrary principles of physiognomy to fish, ventured to throw back some into the stream, while others, as more plump and well favoured, were elected to the honor of being broiled; and here methinks the discretion of the King and his Druid was not evinced; for many a time and oft, ugly heads contain capacious brains, and sleek skins fail to enclose shining intellects: so it proved here, for one evening a little fish was taken—a poor, long, lank, spent thing, with a hooked snout, just such another as a poacher spears by the light of a blazing wisp of potato stalks, on a dark night in October. Now who would suppose that any one who had his pick and choice would think of feeding on a spent salmon: so this good-for-nothing fish was thrown on the bank, leaving it to its own fancy to bounce and wriggle back into the river; and just as it was in the very act of eloping into the stream, an idle "gorsoon" who was looking on, caught it by the gills, and says he to himself, "though this be not plump enough for a King's palate, it may not come amiss to me;" so choosing a snug place behind a rock, just within the cavern's mouth, he blew up a fire and set about to broil his fish.—Now it is time to tell who this *boy* was, for unquestionless his match Ireland has not produced from that day to this. No one else he was than the famous Fin, the son of Cumhall, and grandson of Trein the big, who was sent to these shores of the Western Sea, from his native halls of Almuin, in order to save him from the enchantments of the tribe of Morni, that sought to take his life; and here he lived sporting along these wild hills, and here he might have died, unknowing and unknown, were it not for the circumstance I now record; thank therefore he may, his stars, that he was not so squeamish in the choice of his fish as King Cormac: so having lit up his fire, he was not long in clapping his salmon, all alive as it was, on the coals; for, alas, sportsmen as well as cooks, think little of the pain they may inflict on fowl or fish; and thus on the live coals the poor animal was not long, until a great swelling blister arose by the force of the fire, on its heretofore bright and silver side; and Fin seeing the broiling salmon, was uneasy, not at its sufferings, but in apprehension lest all the nutritious juices of

his game should be wasted in the fire, if the blister should rise any more: so pressing his left thumb to it, he caused it to burst, and the said thumb feeling a sensation of burning, he claps it into his mouth to cool; and oh, what a change—he, who, until that moment was as little troubled with knowledge as with care; and, as the saying is, “knew not a B from a bull’s foot”—the instant his thumb came between his teeth he felt as wise and prudent as if he was a hundred years old—all his future glories—all the failures of his foes, and all his own achievements flashed before his eyes, and he saw prospectively how that Ireland and Caledonia would ring with his fame, and both contend for the honour of giving him birth.

Thus it was that Fin M’Coul, instead of King Cormac, happened on the salmon of *knowledge*; and time and your patience, good reader, would fail me, to recount all his succeeding renowned deeds.—*Sketches in Ireland.*

POPULATION OF IRELAND IN 1831.

Having in a former number given an enumeration of Ireland’s inhabitants, we now add to it the last census.

LEINSTER.		Population.
Counties.		
Carlow		81,576
Dublin		183,042
Dublin City		203,652
Kildare		108,401
Kilkenny		169,283
Kilkenny City		123,741
King’s		144,029
Longford		112,391
Louth		108,168
Drogheda Town		17,365
Meath		177,023
Queen’s		145,843
Westmeath		186,799
Athlone Town		11,362
Wexford		182,991
Wicklow		122,308
Total .		1,927,974
CONNAUGHT.		
Galway		394,287
Galway Town		33,120
Leitrim		141,303
Mayo		367,956
Roscommon		239,903
Sligo		171,508
Total .		1,948,077
MUNSTER.		
Clare		258,262
Cork, East Riding	407,935	700,359
West Riding	292,424	
Cork City		107,007
Kerry		219,989
Limerick		233,505
Limerick City, including St. Francis Abbey, } extra parochial		66,575
Tipperary		402,598
Waterford		148,077
Waterford City		28,821
Total .		2,165,193
ULSTER.		
Antrim		314,608
Carrickfergus Town		8,698
Armagh		220,651
Cavan		228,050
Donegal		298,104
Down		352,571
Fermanagh		149,555
Londonderry		222,416
Monaghan		195,532
Tyrone		302,943
Total .		2,293,128

Note.—There are sixteen parishes in the county Kerry, and one parish in the county Cork, the returns for which are outstanding, from unavoidable circumstances.

IRISH SOLDIER.

During the late war in Portugal, and while the army was on its march to Merida, an Irish soldier having drank rather freely, quitted the ranks. He had scarcely done so, before he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake, till very late in the evening.—Alone, and in an uninhabited part of the country, the poor fellow knew not whither to turn himself. He upbraided himself for his misconduct, and fancied himself already condemned by a court martial, and the sentence ready to be executed. To a village on his left he directed his steps, to see if some friendly individual would plead for him at head-quarters.—In this village he was informed there were two French soldiers concealed.—A thought darted across his mind, that if he could get them secured, he would be able to carry them into Almeida as prisoners, and thereby procure his pardon.—In an instant he loaded his musket, proceeded to the house where the Frenchmen lay, disarmed them, and in two hours after marched them off in triumph.—Some officers of the 71st regiment seeing a British soldier with two Frenchmen as prisoners, coming from the opposite side of the river, where none of the allied troops were at that time quartered, asked the soldier, “What men are these you have got?” He replied, “By St. Patrick, your honours, I cannot tell, but I believe they are Frenchmen, and it’s myself had the devil’s own work in catching them!”

COBBETT’S COURTSHIP.

Our readers need not be afraid that when we mention Mr. Cobbett’s name, we are going to touch upon politics. No; if nothing else would prevent us, self preservation would, and *that* preserves many a man from doing rash, foolish, or improper things, when every motive else has failed.

Mr. Cobbett has written a little volume entitled, “Advice to young men and women,” in which there is a great deal of good sense and sound reasoning, mingled, of course, with much *vignarole*. In that part of it which gives directions to a lover, he introduces the history of his courtship, which it would be presumptuous to attempt to give in any other but his own words:

“When I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a Serjeant of artillery, and I was the Serjeant-Major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John in the Province of New-Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind, that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning’s writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. “That’s the girl for me,” said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise, when I told him that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New-Brunswick at day-break in the morning!

“From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this